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MADAME MODESTE

BY SIDNEY QUARLES.

Madame Modeste had already become a noted character in the city when I met her. It is probable that the honor of an acquaint-

ance with her would not have been thus deferred had I possessed either money or reputation, for Madame made a point of entering into relations, more or less intimate, with everybody worth knowing. Yet it came about at length that she formed for me a friendship as sincere as it was unaccountable.

She was a little, dumpy, wheezy Frenchwoman who occupied the second floor front, two flights of stairs below me, at the corner of Main and --- streets, and the sign "Clairvoyant" was upon her door.

I had more than once mounted our musual flight of stairs in her wake-always at a respect ful distance-while she slowly and laboriously counted the upward steps, stopping at short intervals and gasping for breath. At such times I had resisted with considerable effort the impulse to offer her my arm, for there was something strangely childish and pathetic in the solitary little figure climbing the up-hill of life alone, absurdly incongruous as simplicity and pathos might appear in a woman of her occupation, with a worldly-wise old face and a decided

So it happened, on one of these occasions, that when Madame reeled forward, with her hand upon her own door knob, and would have fallen. I sprang up stairs and caught ber just in time. I took the key from her plump little hand, carried her in, and, having deposited her upon her own couch, ran for the nearest doctor.

"It was nothing; a momentary spasm for breath-an every day occurrence," she said, when, returning with the doctor, I found her quite restored. But she thanked us with peculiar grace and sweetness, and from that time I was always a welcome guest in her little parlor.

This room was a striking one, in its way. It was cosily, even luxuriously furnished, in so far as Madame could furnish it. The walls, it is true, were hung with cheap paper of most'atroccious pattern, and the windows with coarse brown paper shades. The green the woolen carpet, and both raged at the highly-colored walls. But Madame had covered the green sofs with a white wolf skin, and the blue carpet was almost hidden under Oriental rugs of priceless value; over the square table hung an India shawl, and the chairs were toned down by judiciously disposed scraps of Japanese embroidery or sik. A silver mirror of exquisite workmanship hung against the wall, and a few good prints were pinned up here and there. A great wooden bowl of Russian work in rude figures of gold, and red and black stood upon a window seat. There were rough shelves adorned with jugs and jars of quaint shape and Moorish in design; then there were strange Mexican ornaments, pieces of gold and silver ore, and other odds and ends gathered in an extensive course of travel, and all of intrinsic worth and beauty. In one corner, behind a curtain of rare old tapestry, hung a silver crucifix, and the worn cushion underneath spoke well for the constancy of Madame Modeste's de-

Madame herself, huddled into a soft little heap upon this cushion, or lying at length among the white furs of her couch, making one billowy line from her double chip to the smart red bows on her shabby slippers, presented as anique and incongruous an appearance as did her boudoir. The hem of her gray satin gown was frayed to a fringe; the exquisitely fine laces at her throat and falling back from the large, loose eleeves, were yellow with more than age; and the scarlet opera cloak in which she was usually enveloped—Madame was always cold—though fine and ample, and always worn with the air of a dowager duchess, yet failed to conceal sundry other ravages of time.

At the first glance her face was almost repulsive, with its large, protruding, light-gray eyes, sharp nose and flabby cheeks. But her mouth was delicate, her teeth were firm and white, and her smile was a transfiguration. Her voice, too, was soft and gentle, if rather wheezy; her manner expressed a fine blending of dignity and sweetness, and Madame Modeste, notwithstanding her grease spots and tatters, in spite of age, ugliness and ponderosity, was a charming woman. Her meals were served from a restaurant next door; but there was always within reach a biscuit, a crumb of rich cheese, a sip of sherry; even, sometimes, a thimbleful of cognac.

And as she munched and sloped, always in the most dainty and high-bred manner, Madame descanted upon the frightful expense of living. The rent of rooms, the exorbitant prices of food, the extortions of messenger boys and cab-driv-

An old woman like me," she said in her almost too perfect English, and with a piquancy of accent and a shrug of the soldiers that cannot be put on paper; "a simple, barmless, old woman like me, to work so hard for the little life I have! And it is so little-so very little!" Then, for further consolation, she set a-light the aromatic herbs in an ancient Persian censer that swung its silver chains from the head of her couch, inhaling the smoke to relieve her

"Ah!" she cried out, with two tears rolling down through the smoke, "my heart-how it beats! The doctors have told me that when it beats so fast it shortens the life. Do you think it true! She stretched her soft round arm toward me, and the little hand with its full blue

I knew that she made pretensions to a knowledge not only of occult forces, but of secret | changes her age. Her purposes are the same as | whole being expressed a stress, an agony which drugs; and her doctor's diploma hung upon the "You should know best," I answered, pointing

"Yes, yes," she said, springing to her feet, "You have said right; I should know. It is the poor old heart, worn out, like the body, by the poverty it carries. And some day it will stopstop, for the rest it needs. If I had the money—yes, a tenth of the money I once had, I could live out my life in comfort on the golden hills.
But the poverty of the heart-ah!" And her face took on a ghastly hue.

"Have you no friends, no brother, or son?" I "Son-son!" she cried, again springing up. "What do you know of son! A son is first a care and then a curse. Bah! I would not like a

Notwithstanding her constant cry of poverty Madame Modeste drove a flourishing business in her own line, and managed it with a curious shrewdness. No one knew whence she came; nor by what means her information was gained, but she speedily became acquainted with all the leading and many of the carefully hidden facts in the lives of all such people as would be likely to seek her services, and had the money to pay

She kept one servant, a sharp, black-eved young woman, who answered the door-bell and knew from the appearance of the visitor whether Madame were at home. For Madame had days when she could meet none but the most urgent demands-days when she lay prone upon her couch, smoking cigarettes for her short | it to me. breathing, and reading Zola to distract her thoughts. She charged more than her usual fees, at such times, for it was more than usually fatiguing to hold converse with the spirits. To poverty in any form she had the strongest | the woman they call me?" aversion. Poor people excited her sympathy and all such excitement was, she said, beyond her strength. Very rarely did a person pass inside her door who had not the money to pay

liberally for information he sought. "If I give you knowledge it is worth money to you; also it shortens my life and I must have pay accordingly," she said closking her demands with a charity which began at home.

There was a day, now and then, when she most wicked and depraved characters in the city. More than once I saw a policeman gazing up the stairway, as if to aid his imaginations in following the vanishing figure of some person | allow the mother of them to die." of bad repute. Madame was delicate and supercitious to the last degree. She shrank and shuddered visibly at the approach of anything coarse. Yet she seemed to endure contact with these degraded creatures without loss of composure. Her prejudices were rather against poverty than crime; she had less charity for bad laste than for bad morals.

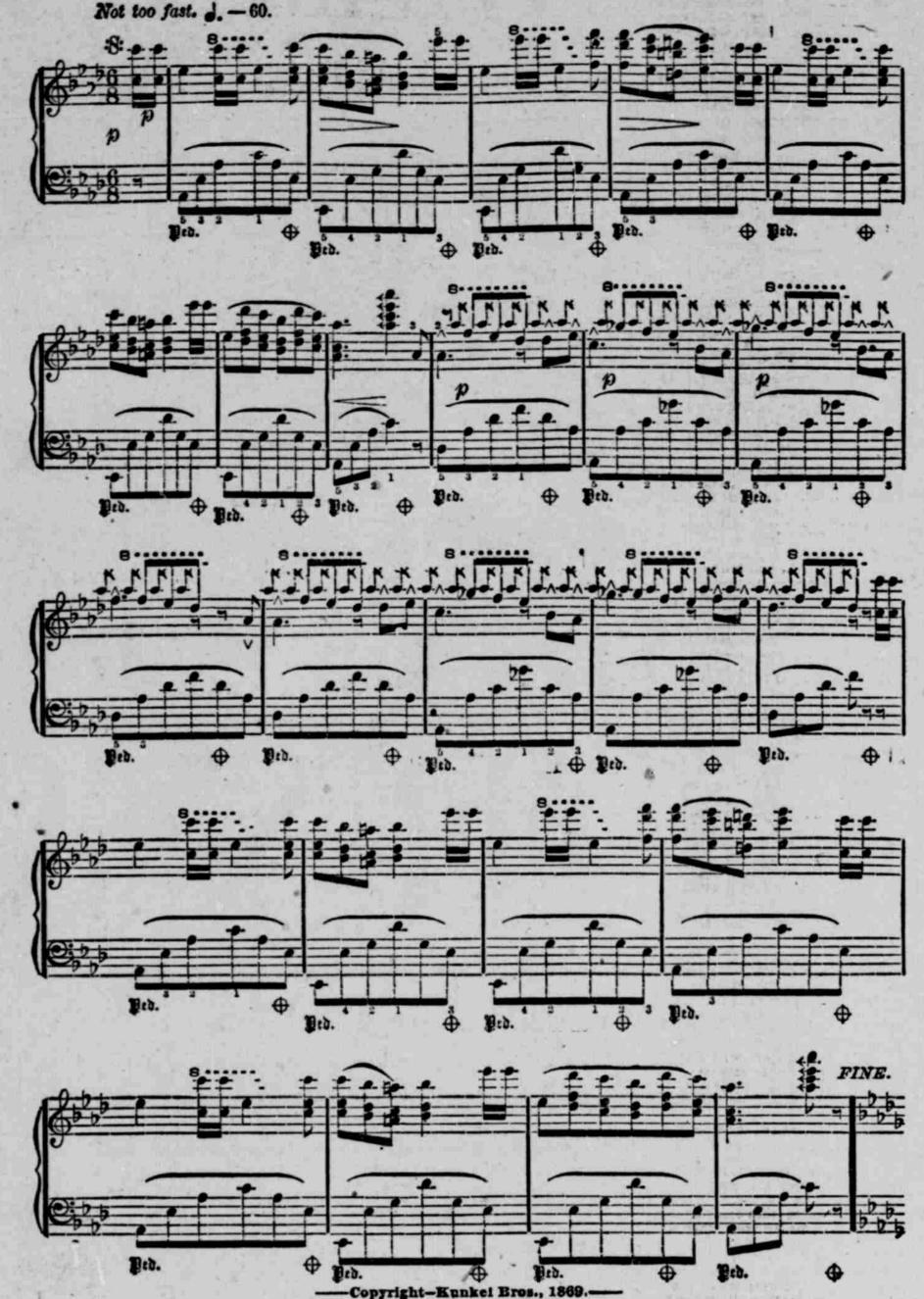
"Ah!" she would say, laying the little blueveined hand upon the rougher one that had often broken the law, "Ah! there is a bad spirit near you one with bloody hair; and he says-but you must admit all. You must say yes, if I tell you true; else I cannot tell more."

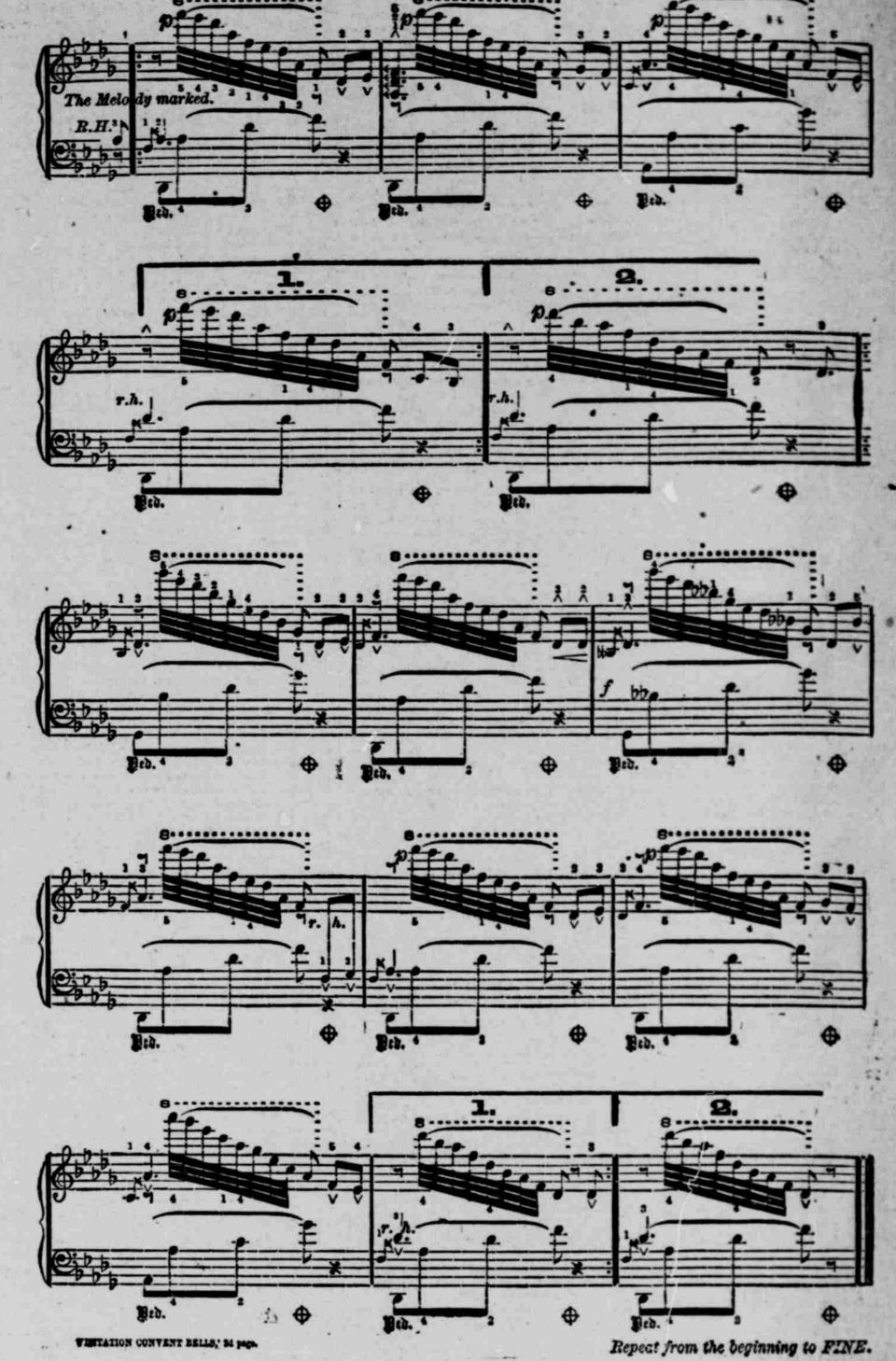
And they answer yes, all of them, albeit with pallid lips; for Madame's eyes were sharp to see a speck upon a human soul.

"The poor thing," she said, "I must pity them. Their wickedness, it comes so much from wrong training, and back of that is the wrong begetting, don't you know! How can I turn them are need to stand the spirits do walk; and they do hear, stood in the door. Madame was ill, really serianow what is coming to them than has the good and see, and feel, and talk. Expose, indeed! ously ill, this time; and she feared I could not all malarial diseases and biliary derangements. The spirits walking is not a fraud. My an inquiring glance up and down the hall, as I stood in the door. Madame was ill, really serianow what is coming to them than has the good.

VISITATION CONVENT BELLS

JACOB KUNKEL.





rich man who comes to me with gold or diamonds? They feel better when I have talked with them, always they feel better; and perhaps for a day—two days—they do better. It is the only charity I can give."

But there were those who asserted that these people did not come to Madame Modeste for the sake of her mystic powers alone; and they hinted at dark secrets told more to Madame than by her. Her past was an unfathomed abyse, and such it remained. Like wickedness, she had always been migratory, and people were found who had met her indifferent cities under different names.

Some frauds in spirit walking had been connected with her in a limping, incoherent way, though she did not now permit herself to be called a materializing medium. It was told, also, that a certain very rich man

in California had been a great friend to Madame, much to the discress of his wife and grown children. Suddenly he died—committed suicide, it is said—but his money had vanished. All that could be found were a few worthless mining shares, and some railroad stock of but little more value. What had become of the money? Ask Madame Modeste. There was a woman. then, who kept her Chinese servants, who dashed through the streets behind her own horses, two beauties, with coats sleek and shining as satin—and there was no asthma in that golden climate. Why did not that woman stay there? Ask Madame Modeste, "Her clairvoyance is all a cloak and a fraud," said these detractors. "She is old,

now, her attractions are on the wane; but hers is not a nature to don the monk's hood and do of old, and some unlawful scheme will succeed or miscarry, and then Madame Modeste will disappear as she has done at sundry times and in diverse places heretofore.'

There was no well-defined charge in all this; no names or dates were given, and no one could these stories afloat. But, such as they were, they drifted to the ears of Madame herself, and found her, one day, dissolved in tears.
"Ah! the wretches!" she cried, outstretching

her lovely white arms, while the tears dripped from her cheeks. "The heartless wretches, to persecute a helpless old woman so! May Jesus these miserable, wicked women that I have never seed. Do you know why I like men? Do you know why I hate women? A woman always strikes at your reputation, and behind your back. But a man will at least night you fair. "But who has told you these things?" I asked, when she had repeated some of them to me.

"No one-no one! It was not intending to tell. It was intended to go here and there with vague hints until people would leave me and point the finger at me. But knowledge comes in many ways. It creeps through crevices; it drifts in the air and you breathe it in. But there are strong spirit friends with me who will not let them pull down the innocent, the old, the helpless one. But you-you do not think I do all these most vile things! You do not think I am so wicked. Here, I will show you." She took a letter of recent date from a pile of

curiously marked cards upon the table and gave "Read that. It is from the woman whose money I stole away, and whose husband I drove to death. She is my friend. Do you think she could write in such fashion to me if I had been

Her breathing seemed more difficult than usual: she hovered over the censer and hid her face in the archatic smoke while I read. It was a simple letter full of misspelled words and hearty thanks for a certain sum of money loaned when the writer was in sorest need. "Do you think she would come to me in her distress-to me, the one who had brought it upon ber! You know nothing of a woman if you think that. No, no, no! And he, too, was my opened her door to all who came; and, as if to friend. I still grieve for him. He was a good do penance, she attached to herself some of the and noble man, who believed in spirits. Would I bring a good and noble man to his death? Am I a monster? Misfortune came upon him, I tell you, true misfortune; and the sons, they would

I felt genuine pity for her distress as she paced the floor gasping for breath and shaking in her agitation, while the tears rolled down undeeded. Then she smote her bands hard together, then clasped them over her breast, crying, "My poor heart! I must fall." I sprang to her assistance; I did all that could be done for her relief, and quite forgot that she had not by any means shown the writer of the letter to be the woman in question. Her grief, at least, was real; it overwhelmed, it killed out all suspicion of being assumed.

"An old woman like me! A poor, friendless, little, old woman, helpless and harmless with very short time at all to live! Could they not leave me these few days in peace! And then to strike me through my friends: it is monstrous!" And her sobs were more pitiful and childish than ever. But at length she became calmer,

How can one expose what is the very truth! They come not so readily for me now, for I am feeble and old. I have not the power to bear them into the light. But it might be that they would come once more. Spirits are true friends; they have nothing of which to be afraid. Let

In vain did I protest, as I had tried several times before to protest, that she should not defend herself to me-I was not her judge. She turned the key in the door, and drew down the thick curtains, making the room as dark as the sunlight of mid-afternoon would allow. "You must look everywhere where one could hide," she insisted. "Under the couch—behind

the desk—behind those curtains yonder. Do you find anyone? No; of course not. Now, do not speak—I must not be disturbed. Here is this crystal, into which you must intently look." She sat opposite me at the little table, with her eyes half closed, looking fixedly at vacancy. A chilly sensation crept down my spine. I involuntarily stretched out my arms a little as I yawned, though I was far from being sleepy. "Are you going to show me a spirit !"

"Perhaps; I do not know. But you must remain perfectly quiet. Think about nothing, and gaze steadfastly into the crystal. Do not speak-it ruins all." I looked at Madame. Her eyes, and even her

cheeks, looked sunken; her face was rigid and pale, with a strange ashiness of bue which in that dim light was ghastly. But for the strong shudder which occasionally passed over her frame and convulsed her features she might have been dead.

Whatever her power was, and from whatever source it came. Madame not only believed in it penance. She but changes her cunning as she | herself, but she suffered from it fearfully. Her my feet, but a greater power than my own held me back and fixed my gaze again upon the crystal. As I looked the glass seemed to psipitate and expand; its center became a luminous eye, searching me point with certainty to the person who had set | through and through. It drew my soul into its own flery heart-Madame faded awaythe room was black; and floating, floating ever

nearer to me came a mist, a grayish white cloud, vague and vapory. "See!" said Madame's voice from out the blackness, miles and miles away. 'See! a spirit comes to you-your brother. And the cloud floated and wavered, and settled into the semblance of a human form. An arm was stretched toward me: there were eyes,

but they showed no spark, and lips, but they did not move. "Speak to your brother, my friend," mur-mured the voice of Madame. "Touch him-but gently. I have not the power, such as I once had, to give to my spirit friends of my own strength and solidity. He can stay but a mo-

I had never had a brother; but when I tried to tell Madame this, my tongue clave unto the roof of my mouth, and instead I stretched out my band toward the figure and said: "Whence do you come, my brother?" The shadow made a visible effort to speak, but

the result was only an inarticulate murmur, and, as I looked, it slowly lost its human formit was a vapory cloud-it was not there. Before me sat Madame, who seemed to be brushing cobwebs from before her eyes. "Ah! I cannot give them the strength to stay. I am too old and weak. It makes the heart beat too fast; and the heart should be of steel. But

you have seen your brother! You know that the spirit may return in its own material form; you know it is not a fraud." What could I say! How reply to this triumphant logic of the eyes and ears! How deny the evidence of my senses, and the conviction that, whatever this thing might be, this phantom of a brother, who had never existed. Madame herself was not a party to the deception! How, then?

Is it disembodied spirits, and not men, who are

deceivers ever?

These questions were too deep for me; I mentally shook myself together and prepared to take my departure. "Now, you will tell what you have seen and what you have heard, you, my friend?" pleaded Madame in a voice of husky sweetness, and her pretty hand and arm were stretched out imploringly. "And I shall not be driven away-for then I must go to my daughter and be a burden

upon her and her poor young husband."

Yes; certainly I could tell what I had seen and Seated in my own room, however, the evidence of my senses during this interview seemed not so irresistible. I became indignant at being the victim of this mesmeric jugglery-for such it was, whether from a human or superhuman source. The vision was a fraud, even if Madame believed in it, even if I believed in it myself. At best is was but a semblance, a shadow; and it was not even the shadow that it pretended to be. It were better if I held my The next time I visited Madame I found the

hall in front of her rooms lined with pots of hyacinths in full flower. The maid received me hesitatingly, and sent

be admitted. Madame had recognized my Those hyacinths! She had always loved them, and now they had been the death of her. Is not true love always fatal! She had slept with them in her room, and had awakened with a sensation of smothering—as of some one clutching at her throat. There was no air in the room-nothing but sweetness-and the lamp had gone out. She did not know they could poison one—the beautiful murderers. And Madame lay back, pale and weak, and drew her scarlet cloak up to her chin. I gave

"I have discovered what I feared! I know the person who is persecuting me. He is an old lover, an old enemy of mine. He has followed me months—years—always. Is it not too altogether absurd-an old woman like me! But, ah! my friend," and she seized my arm in her trembling hands. "Ab, stay by me! I am afraid of this man-he is a madman." "You say he has persecuted you for a long

her a little brandy and she soon revived. Then

"Oh! yes, yes. I have ran away so many times—and I am so tired of it. Do you know why I left California? It was because he followed me everywhere. I could not for an hour escape from him. I lost my business because he was always at my door—sometimes actually asleep against it. Why did I not give him in charge? Why did I not put him in an asylum? A woman does not those things to a lover. How can she when it is her beauty drives him mad?" And Madame involuntarily drew up her old red cloak again. "No: we dodge, we temporize; we cannot retaliate when it is a lover. I broke up my fine establishment, I sold my horses-the bright, shining beauties, the high-stepping ones: they were proud of me when they took me through the streets-and I ran away like a thief in the night. I hide myself here. I have been so good, so quiet; all I want is peace for my few days on earth. And he must follow even here.

Ah, the brute-the monster!" For an instant her face assumed an appearance of the most malignant batred. "I will set a force of policemen to watch for this man," I ventured. "The police? No, no; then he would kill me. It is hard for me to live, a lonely old woman like me, but it would be harder to be killed.

No, no; I will creep away again in the night, and no one shall know. Some day soon the poor old heart will stop short-that will be the end! Ah! my friend," she cried suddenly, "is it not piteous?" And her tears fell thick and fast. "You are going?" she said, as I arose, after vainly trying to say something consoling. 'And we shall not see each other again. But we have been friends, and ver will sometimes speak a kind word for Madame Modeste, will you not? See! I give you all my byacinths; they are lovey and short-lived as our friendship--but we have not poisoned each other." And she shed upon me a smile, an appealing, an ineffably sweet and tender, a glorifying smile.

I took her hand. "Good-bye, Madame Modeste, may you be prosperous and happy. But there came a hurried knocking at the door; then it was thrown wide open, and a dark. fierce-looking man of less than middle age pushed the servant aside and faced us. "It is time, Madame," he said, sternly

He stood in the door way, short, solid, im-movable, a personation of force, a thunderbolt shot from somewhere. Madame sank back upon her couch and covered her face; then she drew her cloak about her grandly, and arose, confronting the intruder, and I turned toward the "Stay, my friend," she said, stretching out

her hands to me, and trembling so violently that the words seemed shaken from her lips; "do not leave me slone-I am afraid." "Ah! afraid! You do well to be afraid. And so you have found a friend?" said the man, with a cold sneer. "Why do you force yourself upon me now! asked Madame weakly. "Shall I answer before your friend?"

as I, and I defy you." There was a fearful energy in her voice, and fierce hatred in her look. The man paused be-Then an expression of horror distorted Madame's white face; she clutched at her heart, and fell back upon her couch. The stranger sprang forwards but I had laid my hand on his shoul-

"Yes-but you dare not It is you as well

"Your case has been appealed to a higher court." I said, "Madame is dead." "Ah!" he cried, seizing her roughly by the arm, and his expression was anything rather than that of a lover.

Practically a Suicide. Journal of Education. The only man who was ever known to keep a each account of his private expenses absolutely straight for a year died the next year afterward. and the doctors said his death was caused by mental overwork.

Written for the Sunday Journal. The Robin's Rain Song.

A robin sat in an apple tree,
This morning, so sunny and bright;
To-wheet, to-whit, to-wheet, sang he,
It is going to rain before night. You are sadly mistaken, sweet bird, I said.

As I glanced at the clear, blue sky;

There was not a cloud on the broad expanse. Not a sign of rain was nigh.

I sought a rest from the noon-day's heat In the hammock beneath the tree: The robin flew to his perch o'erhead, To-whit, to-wheet, sang he.

You are telling a story. I angrily cried, You know 'tis not going to raim To-whit, to-weet, to-whie, Came the tauntingly-sweet refrain

Old Sol hid his face behind a cloud. The clock on the mantel struck four; To-whit, to-weet, sang the robin loud, And the rain began to pour. Oh, how did you know, you wise little bird!

I your wisdom no longer disdain, I'll believe after this whenever I hear The robin's song of rain.

Written for the Sunday Journal. The Rose.

I, the rose, am glad to-day, Slumbering in the summer heat.

I heard my lady, joyous say,
"I'll wear this rose of fragrance sweet, When I, my guests invited meet." Ah, kindest fate, that I should grace Such beauty as my Lady's face; And she will place me, soft caressed

Strange fingers plucked me yester night. Mid swiftly falling drops, dew-bright. They said an uninvited guest. Greeting my Lady, bade her rest.
She lay in fair and fleecy white,
With smiling lips. Thro' pale moonlight,
They measured steps, with sound supprest,
And laid me softly on her breast. And kissed her cheek so ivory white.

I, the rose, am sad to-night. Written for the Sunday Journal.

The Masters. Within the sacred realms of mind they live-the crowned. Whatever else may fail this will remain, The nectar in the cup, like rare old wine That gains a finer flavor with old age. And must be slowly quaffed to be enjoyed. Till all the veins are fed with this new blood. And glow with richer red. This yet remains; The fire upon the altar, the living heat That brings to light the frozen clod Until it moves, and speaks, and lives a man; Here I may sit and hear the ages speak;

All wealth of years and all the climes are mine What else may fail, these will remain. Why He Waits. He will not hasten his retreat To Adirondsek mountains;

He will not wash his ample feet In Adirondack fountains: He will not cast the luring fly Where Adirondack trout are, But stay and watch with Gorman sly Where fear, distrust, and doubt are.

He notes the stars and stripes displayed

Against the red bandanna:

And waking Indiana.

New York and Jersey both arrayed,

And old Connecticut in red And white and blue, aiready: He sees new issues making head So he'll not go in haste this year Where Adirondack trout are, But stay with Gorman smooth, where fear And grave distrust and doubt are.

Blackberries. All the day he declaims, like a clarion shrill-Like the rat-tat-tat of a stone-crushing mill-"Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!"
From a mouth like the mouth of a drummer's valise

Comes the cry you could hear from Secausus to Nice And in volume each moment it seems to increase— "Blackberries, blackberries!" Oh, it fills all the breast of the still summer air-"Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!" The horrible echo is rife everywhere—
'Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries That demon-like yell thrills our souls near and far;

It is worse than the rattle of stage or horse-car, As the vender shouts out, "Hordeoy, here you are-"Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!" To Ease a Writer's Tired Eyes.

Pall Mall Gazette.

A gentleman who has made a study of the eye says, for the benefit of the people who have to earn a livelihood with the pen: "Never write on white paper if you can get yellow paper. A sheet or card of the same shade placed on the wall ever the deek will assist in giving the eye rest, and this will facilitate the work." He has AYER'S Ague Cure is a warranted specific for bouefited by it. It is simple and does not reHUMOR OF THE DAY.

His Vacation. Mrs. Upton Flatte (off for Narragansett)-Now, good-bye, dear; be real good, and don't stay out nights, and be sure to send me your salary every Saturday.

He Also Gets There Just the Same. Detroit Free Press. It has just been discovered that the flea uses

only one eye at a time, and that he dies the hardest of any insect in nature. Why He Kissed Her.

Texas Siftings.

"Did you not kiss the plaintiff continally when you called on her?" Defendant (in breach of-premise suit): "Yes; I never stopped Rissing her while I was in the house, but I did that in self-defense-to keep her from singing."

An Uncommon Ailment. San Francisco Chronicie. "What is the matter, my darling?" he asked in a deeply concerned tone as she coughed violently after an extra heavy pressure of his arm around her waist

"Askma," was all she said. A Hard-Fought Game. New York Sun. Gentieman (to boy outside Pole grounds)— Game going on to-day, Johany? Johany—Yessir.

Gentleman-Who are the contestants? Johany-Baby Anson an' de empire. A Dim Light the Best

"Why, Penelope," said a Boston mother as she entered her daughter's room, "why have you got the gas turned so low? You will hurt your eyes in this dim light." "Mamma," replied the girl in a hushed tone of voice, "I am reading Amelie Rives."

Asking the Impossible, New York Sun. Wife-If I were to be kidnapped. John, and spirited away from you, what would you do! Husband-No danger of that, my dear. Wife-Well, just imagine, it you know.

Husband-My dear, don't you know that there is a limit even to the imagination? The Advantage of Close Friendship. McCorkins-Try one of my cigars, Teddy.

They're the same brand you liked so well last Twombley-The same brand I said I liked you mean, old boy. I'd only known you a short time then, you know, and hardly enjoyed insulting you.

The Ruling Passion. New York Sun.

Gentleman-What's the matter, Uncle Rastus, you look sick? Uncle Rastus-Yes, sah, I ate er whole watermelyon' larst night jess 'fore I went ter bed, an' I ain't feelin' bery well dis mawnin. Gentleman-Are you going to see a doctor? Uncle Rastus-No, sah: !se gwine fo' anudder

Far Gone.

Little Eisie-Mr. Bull! When did you get

The Idea.

Mr. Bull, of Wall Street (who comes out often to see Elsie's big sister)-Get well, little girlf Why do you ask that question? Little Elsie-Because, I beard my papa say this morning that you weren't able to take up your paper.

On the Piazza The Idea. Young Dawdle-I've been killing time reading the Arabian Nights. Ridiculous yarn that about the Old Man of the Sea. Old Hunks-Ain't paid your bill yet, have

Young Dawdle-No, not yet. Old Hunks-Well, when you do, you'll understand the old man better. Unreasonable Expectations.

Mr. Jerusalem Cohn-Now shust look at yourselluf. Dot vas de most sdylish bair of pants dot efer you went anywhere. Mr. Chatham Greene-Wall, I dunno. They seem to me a little small for the style. Mr. Jerusalem Cohn-Too small, vas it? Vy dos cloding fits you peautiful. You don'd supdollar goots in a dree-toller bair of pants, vas it!

The Coming Novel. A charming young widow of Manahasett Mass., is at work on a novel that will undoubtedly shake the literary world as a terrier does a
real. She has had a wealthy admirer who has

ant question, and as a shadow of a hint she has dedicated the book to him. The title is "The Slow and the Dead."

A Promising Future. Chicago Tribune.
"Isn't he a beauty?" exclaimed the proud fath-

"Isn't he a beauty?" exclaimed the proud father, standing by the cradle of the first born.
"What lovely eyes!" said the visitor.
"Eyes?" ejaculated the father, with supert scorn. "Great Anson! Look at that foot and leg! Won't he be able to kick, though! The boy will be captain of the best base-ball club in the country by the time he's twenty-one, and I'll bet \$1,000 on it!"

Western Man (visiting relatives in the picturesque East)-Thank fortune, the sun is going down. You warned me not to go out in the daytime for fear of sunstroke; but I'm going to make up for it this beautiful moonlight evening. How charming the lake and river look at sunset!

Hostess—Dear me! You musn't think of stirring out after sunset.

"Eh? Wha-" "The heavy dew will give you the asthma or

She Was Joking.

They were on their bridal tour and she said "Now, Freddie, we don't want everybody in the car to know that we are newly married, and have them all staring at us. Let us act like real old married people. It'll be such jolly fun." "All right," said Fred calmly. "You just let me have that end of the seat; it's lots pleasanter than this. I'll take the pillow, too, and I guess I'll go to sleep for three or four hours. You waken me when we come to the dinner station.

Spread that shawl over me, and--"Ob, I don't care who knows that we're just married," she said. "Sit where you are, dean and hold my hand."

She Was a Boston Girl. Detroit Free Press. "Marion, I rejected Dr. Darringer last even-

"Wby, Kate?" "He was entirely to profuse." "Impossible! A lover couldn't be." "And he was as gushing as he was volumin-

ons. He praised my eyes, hair and complexion. "Oh, Kate, that was just lovely."
"But his grammar, Marion. That was the hidden reef which wrecked him. He said: 'Your

eyes is,' and all that. Goodness! I expected to bear him say: 'Your nose are!' I love him, and it makes my heart ache to think about it—but L can never marry him. No-never."

Short Presidents.

Boston Herald.

General Harrison is reported to be only five feet five inches tail. This would probably make him the shortest President ever elected, should he reach that honor. President Van Buren a small man physically, however. His opponents, who were always bitterly abusive of him often referred to him as "Little Van." The Adamses were both rather short Presidents. Stephen A. Douglas was, perhaps, even shorter than General Harrison, but he had a solid strength of head which gave him the name "The Little Giant." Mr. Seward said of him that "he never could be President, his coat-tails were too near the ground." Yet the biggest man who ever ran for President met with the most mortifying defeat. He was Gen. Winfield Scott.

Using Her Opportunity.

The Rocky Ford, Col., Enterprise, Demo-cratic, contains the following interesting an-nouncement: "The editor of this paper is doubled up in bed this week with fever. The paper is in the hands of his Republican better half, and it will, no doubt, have some Repub-lican ear marks. Yes, I must make use of this golden epportunity-Hurrah for Harrison and Morton!" This "better half" is a former Kansas City lady, who married the Democratic editor less than a year ago, and since that time has been living at Rocky Ford.

A Job Lot. A wag predicts that before the newspaper rate war in Chicago is ended the papers will be hung up in bunches in the street cars, and la-beled "Please Take One."

In Comparison. The man who sends his poetry to the news-

papers by mail is a public benefactor as compared to the man who brings it to the office and reads it aloud. Don't Do Anything by Halves.

New Orleans Picayune.

The man who gets mad and orders his paper stopped, should get mad enough to demand and secure a receipted bill in full for past indebted